

At Night.

Tender a June night moon rides high,
The sparkling stars are faint and blurred,
A wind goes ruffling earth and sky
And the silver smoke is idly stirred.

And I through the city streets alone
Go thumping between the window'd
walls,
Lost in a silent world of stone,
A solitude of vacant halls.

What are my thoughts in this weird
place?
The wonders of science? the world? the
new?
No, men are still of the human race;
I think of a woman; I think of you.

—James Oppenheim in New York Sun.

AN ACT OF CHARITY

Mrs. Boldero, having been advised by the doctor to keep up her strength, had ordered for luncheon a rump steak and kidney pudding, which she was just about to carve, and some mutton cutlets, now in front of Miss Lucy Westlake, her companion, whose principal duty was to read Mrs. Boldero to sleep after the present meal and dinner.

The pudding was served in a white basin with a napkin around it, and the parlor maid stood, interestedly looking on, while Mrs. Boldero cut a V-shaped piece out of the top, placed this on a plate, and began to spoon out the contents. Suddenly pausing, with the spoon in her right hand, she turned wrathfully toward Mary.

"Where," she severely demanded, "are the kidneys?"

"Cook said the butcher didn't send them in time," was the answer. Mrs. Boldero felt disappointed. She had thought of the pudding once or twice since her 10 o'clock breakfast. "Take it away!" she exclaimed, and Lucy Westlake tried somewhat marveled to look as if the affair possessed no interest in the world for herself, as, indeed, it would not if Mr. Roper had not chanced to pass the house at that moment.

Mr. Roper occupied one room in a very small house a few hundred yards away. He looked more than sixty years of age; he was short, erect, and remarkably thin. His limp-brimmed felt hat, once black, had now become green; his tightly fitting coat had faded from dark blue to brown. From one of her servants (Mrs. Boldero had a habit of exchanging confidences of the kind) she had learned that Mr. Roper had starved himself. "He certainly looks as if a good meal would do him good," she would remark.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Boldero felt a kind of interest in the old man, who often passed her window, and this afternoon she happened to look up in time to recognize him.

"Ah!" she cried, "it would be an act of charity to give it to that poor man!"

"What is that?" asked Lucy.

"Mr. Roper," was the answer. "It would make him a meal every day for a week. I have a good mind to send it."

"Oh, but—"

"I beg your pardon?" said Mrs. Boldero, sharply.

Lucy's cheeks were crimson, for she perceived what Mrs. Boldero could not see—that, although his clothes were fit for the dust-bin, Mr. Roper was a gentleman.

"You couldn't do such a thing," murmured Lucy.

"Not perform an act of charity? And why not, pray?" asked Mrs. Boldero. "Mary," she added, "take away my plate and the pudding. I will have some cutlets. Cook can put the basin in a basket, and Miss Westlake shall carry it to poor Mr. Roper directly after luncheon."

Lucy Westlake looked inclined to rebel. But, although Mrs. Boldero might be a trying woman to live with

Lucy's voice trembled as a short, stout, red-faced woman opened the street door.

"May I speak to Mr. Roper?" she asked, and, turning her back, the woman of the house shouted his name at the foot of the narrow staircase. He came down a few moments later in the act of buttoning his shrunken, faded coat.

"You wish to see me?" he inquired, with a bow.

"Ye-es, if you please," said Lucy.

"A thousand apologies for keeping you," he said, offering the basket to Lucy, whose face looked quite cheerful again.

"I hope you will enjoy the pudding, major!" she cried, with a laugh which made him feel almost young again.

"You will kindly tell Mrs.—er—Mrs. Boldero it is one of my favorite dishes," he answered, with a low, and Lucy nodded brightly as she walked away with the basket.—New York Telegraph.

HE WOULD TAKE NO RISKS.

Cowboy Wanted to Have Decent Chance of Spending His Money.

In the West," said Mr. William Sturgis of Cheyenne, Wyo., "the people take very slowly to the notion that government should busy itself in the endeavor to regulate public morals."

For that reason, although we have a pretty stiff state anti-gambling law, the statute is of little potency, and the boys gather in the old familiar centers to bet their coin against faro, roulette, hazard or poker.

"Not long ago one of my clients, of the cowboy tribe, who had deposited \$1,000 with me, made a trip to town, and for several days got me to let him have about \$100 per diem. I thought he was trying his luck at faro, and finally, when he had spent just half his capital, I advised him that the writing of checks was getting monotonous, and that if he meant to keep on playing to withdraw the remaining \$500 in a lump, so that he need not 'bother to hunt for me.' At the same time I advised him in strong terms to stop then and there and take no chances in losing the money he had acquired through months of patient toil on the plains. He heard me through with the utmost patience, taking no apparent heed of my rebuke and then said: 'I know what you say is true, Judge; but supposing I should die right sudden and get no chance to spend that other \$500?'—Washington Post.

Their First Falsehood.

"It is said there should be implicit confidence between married folk," said a Fifth avenue clergyman whose church is not far from Fortieth street. "I am a believer in this little injunction, but I am also certain that I once married a couple who tried to deceive not only one another, but even themselves, at the altar. I knew them both. He was a bachelor of seventy; she was a spinster of about sixty. But you would not have thought so when they came to get me to marry them. She was attired like a shopgirl out for her first ball, and his raiment bespoke the youthful duke of twenty-two or twenty-three. His snow white mustache had been dyed black and waxed until the ends looked like knitting needles."

"I asked them their ages."

"Thirty-five," he said gravely.

"Thirty," she simpered.

"Now each was aware of deceiving the other, but I want to tell you both looked positively happy and untroubled over the conscienceless falsehoods with which they had begun their married life."—New York Herald.

To a Haven at Last.

I have seen the worst of the world, and I care no more.

For chances and changes, for perils afloat and ashore.

God is over them all; a spirit more calm than fate.

My times upon Him wait.

In the uttermost parts of the sea there the corals grow.

And the wealth of its oozy floor no divers know.

When the laboring ship strains on through an ocean of weed.

Our captain takes good heed.

But better heed takes he who steers without chart the storm.

Who hath bidden the north blow cold and the south breathe warm;

That, though he splinters the ship on the coral marge,

He hath her crew in charge.

From the peril of fire and flow, from the roof and rock.

He hath gathered them man by man—a wreny flock—

He will bring them home to the haven where they would be.

Over a Jasper sea.

"I am afraid she will," said Lucy, with a deprecatory smile.

Major Roper began to cough.

"You will kindly present my compliments to Mrs.—er—Boldero, and say that I am greatly obliged, and accept her gift in the spirit in which, no doubt, it is offered."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Lucy, and, with an air of extreme relief, she saw Major Roper take the basket.

"You will wait a moment for the—er—the basin?" he suggested, as she would have turned away.

"I can come to-morrow."

"There is no necessity to give you that trouble," he insisted, "if you will pardon my closing the door." He did not wish her to follow his movements, so, leaving Lucy standing on the top step and the street door ajar, the major held the basket gingerly as he walked along the passage to another door which led to a back yard.

There he removed the basin from the basket, standing this on the red tiles while he gazed with mingled sensations at the top of the half cold but still savory pudding. Never since his boyhood had he felt such temptation at the sight of anything to eat. Holding the basin now at arm's length, he stepped toward the dust bin, and therein emptied the enticing contents. A few feet to the right was a tap, and, stooping in front of it, Major Roper turned the water into the basin, which he afterward dried upon a duster that hung from a nail in the wall. Having replaced the empty basin, he carried the basket into the house and opened the street door.

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—Black and White.

Rubies of Great Value.

Oriental rubies are worth, weight for weight, about twelve times the value of diamonds.

IN FAIR Ceylon

After sixteen days on tropical seas, varied by botanical glory at Singapore, by picturesque falls and gardens at Penang, the passenger has sampled the wines, tested his friends, spun his best yarns, and proved all the pleasure and monotony of sea life. He welcomes a glimpse of fair Ceylon, even though he has little notion of its beauties. He would welcome anything which hinted of change, and the entrance to the harbor is entrancing, because of its novelty.

The trip from steamer to shore is by small craft, and passage and landing are made easy by John Bull's official in white duck and helmet, and the cudgel which he freely brandishes to subdue the human vultures, who fleece the wanderer of his ducats.

In the thick of the town one finds the vivid contrast between native and foreign life. Huddled in the black man's quarter are the tiny, indigenous huts, swarming with naked babies,

nannerly. They are lazy and liars, of course, but that is eastern. "Boys" of advanced years serve the hungry guests. They are bare-footed, clad in white loose trousers and jacket, trimmed with green cuffs and collars. The hair is twisted in a little knot at the back, and a round shell comb fits jauntily on the top. Many of these tortoise combs are very choice, the costly delight of the wearer. The boys move noiselessly, like shadowy spectres, black and white, gliding from the tomb. Boat-riders the big diner is an especially festive scene, when the rich trotters have washed off the stain of travel, and stately men and gracious women in evening suits and rustling silks and flashing gems slough off Bohemianism and become the conventional lords and ladies of the salon.

Day rightfully begins at six, when a dusky "boy" patters up to the bed with the dainty breakfast of coffee,



Cabbage Palms.
(Kandy.)

while the gaudy ornaments and brilliant drapes of the elders flash gorgeous colors through the crowded alleys. In the foreign center stand stately buildings of the English. The hotels in town, the English banks, Cook's office, the Governor's home, church and theater, mark the white man's path, while Cargill's huge department store, which has its branches throughout the island, offers all the comforts of civilization to resident and tourist. The tall clock tower is Colombo's special landmark. Fourteen miles at sea, its large lantern, with revolving lights, is the sailor's guiding star. From the clock tower runs the brown-red roadway through a mile of plain. On one side rise the white houses of the English, soldiers' barracks and the club. On the west is the broad stretch of ocean, dazzling blue, dancing in the sun of the tropics, while the battling waves beat on the boulders and break in foam and thunder on the beach. Wonderful in beauty and variety, the drive leads to the proud Galle Face, best hotel in all the East, rearing its red facade behind a grove of towering pines which balance in the wind, wearing on their tops the feathery fronds which sweep the air like monstrous plumes. No matter how nerve-shattering be the island heat, the marble vestibule and office are always swept by a current of sea breeze, and birds are fluttering everywhere. Here lounges the idle world, watching the ceaseless sweep of the changing ocean and spying the stately ships which ride the waters in the distance.

Life is quite complete within the precincts of Galle Face. Its galleries are lined with little shops of the vendors, gay with things oriental, jewels, costumes, silks, laces, ivory, ebony and curios. The fantastic booths of

bananas, toast and jam. Woe betide the lazy mortal who neglects the banquet. Many uninvited guests arrive, and there will soon not be a mouthful! They are glossy black creatures, with big eyes and long, sharp beaks. They are always hungry, these robbers bold. They step through the window, gay and proud, with a loud "caw-caw." They throw a quick glance here and there and seem to say, "Look me square in the eye and be glad of the chance. I am a handsome chap, and I know it." They perch before the mirror and admire their fine feathers; they jump on the plicher for their morning drink, and they devour the jam. Keys, money, jewels, letter-of-credit, must be hidden from the thieves, as they steal, for the love of stealing things they cannot need nor use. One gentleman barely saved his watch from the beak of a rogue. Everyone sleeps under a net in Ceylon, and the crows have all the curiosity of a Paul Pry to peep under the folds and make acquaintance.

Fortune tellers, bent and dirty old graybeards, with long hair hopelessly tangled, haunt the hotel and find many a dupe. They hold the knowledge of the future, and carry a torn and greasy chart of the heavens whereon they read our fate. Never were they known to tell anything disagreeable, and their signs and omens are full of charm. According to their horoscope the future holds nothing but bliss, and we are the luckiest of earth's mortals. They drive a good trade, casting the lot of the unwary, for there are always the simple, the curious and the superstitious willing to pay to hear their happy fate.

Magicians are many and they have a fair field in Ceylon, for clover indeed are the tricks of the Orient, and jugglers and tricksters arrive with



Street Scene.

the jewelers flash with the gems of Ceylon, the rubies of Burmah.

The vast dining room raises its white walls two stories high, and its western arches give off to terraced lawn and dazzling ocean. The fluttering birds nest freely in its niches. Hundreds of dainty tables, gay with eastern flora, are scattered through the hall. The Ceylonese make fine servants. They are gentle and kindly, quick and attentive, quiet and

big bags containing their tools. Keen and quick-witted is the skeptic who can discover their modus operandi. They cover a leaf with earth, place it under a basket, pass over it a magic wand; in a moment a shrub three feet high has sprung into life. They draw yards of lead plumbing from the throat, and blow hen's eggs from the nose. They swallow a quantity of hay and puff it out in a burning mass of flames.

Unpleasant "Cow-itch."

"There is no vicious growth in Africa or the world," writes a traveler, "to compare with the detestable thing popularly called 'cow-itch' and known to botanists as the mucuna bean. This is a plant having small seed pods covered with a close array of fine, silky hairs, which, when shaken loose, fasten in myriads upon the unconscious wayfarer, and, reaching all parts of the skin, set up an irritation which words are literally powerless to describe. A man attacked by this abominable pest gives way for the time to absolute frenzy. It is a preceptor were at hand he might almost be forgiven for jumping over it, so wholly unendurable is that burning, pricking, clinging itch."

Was Made to Climb Mountain.

Almost a century has passed since the first woman ascended Mont Blanc. Maria Paradis was her name, and she did not find the ascent very pleasant, and, indeed, was dragged up the second half against her will. It was in vain that she lay on the snow and asked to be thrown down a precipice. "They seized hold of me," says her record, "they dragged me, they pushed me, they carried me, and at last we arrived."

Toad Not Wasteful.

Some time ago I saw a toad shed his old skin. First the skin split in a straight line down the middle of the back, and the toad with his hind legs pulled it down and off as one might pull off a coat. Then, rolling up the skin into a sort of ball, he promptly swallowed it, showing his disinclination to waste anything—even his cast-off clothes.—Ernest Harold Baynes.

Kentucky Man's Duty.

Jamboree, Ky., August 29 (Special).—After suffering for years with pain in the back Mr. J. M. Coleman, a well known citizen of this place, has found a complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Knowing how general this disease is all over the country, Mr. Coleman feels it is his duty to make his experience public for the benefit of other sufferers.

"I want to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everybody who has pain in the back," Mr. Coleman says, "I suffered for years with my back. I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and I have not felt a pain since. My little girl too complained of her back and she used about half a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and she is sound and well."

Backache is Kidney Ache. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for all Kidney Aches, including Rheumatism.

Not a Lucrative Business.

Dr. Smiles did not leave so much money behind him as did Sir H. M. Stanley; but in his case more than in Stanley's the amount is likely to represent literary earnings. At any rate, \$370,000 is not considered a bad recompense for "self-help," when applied in a calling which, apart from the more signal successes of a few novelists and playwrights, rarely leads on to such fortunes as are made in soaps or pills.

Value of Moderation.

The question of the possible duration of human life, when put to great statesmen, scientists and others who have almost reached the century mark of life, has been answered in various ways. Von Moltke, at the age of 80, was still possessed of fine intellectual power, and remarkable vitality. When asked how he managed to live so long and in such excellent health, he replied: "By great moderation in all things and by regular out-of-door exercise."

A Misfit.

A correspondent sends us an interesting natural history note. On opening his wardrobe the other day he found a moth in his dress coat. The effect, he declares, was ludicrous, as the coat was, of course, much too big for the moth.

After It With a Net.

"What on earth are you a-doin' with that 'ar crab net?" asked the farm woman behind the gingham apron. "I've just a-lookin' for people what casts their bread on the water," said itinerant Ike; "ain't you goin' to do a little castin' this mornin', mum?"

LEARNING THINGS

We Are All in the Apprentice Class.

When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., says: "After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of. I could get no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve medicines I tried because I didn't know that the coffee was daily putting me back more than the Drs. could put me ahead."

"Finally at the request of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum and against my convictions I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble."

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.

Coffee is a destroyer—Postum is a rebuild. That's the reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



"I am Major Roper," he said.

In many respects, Lucy had a comfortable home with sufficient salary to enable her to help her own people. Caution prevailing, she set forth half an hour later with tingling cheeks and reluctant steps. A wide-brimmed hat shaded her face from the sun, the basket hung on her left arm as she timidly drew near to the terrace of small houses where Mr. Roper lodged.